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Western Washington University

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KLIPSTON

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...TIS NICE
OF MUM TO
LET US VISIT
AUNTIE MARGARET.

LAMPPOON

Dennis Lackey

1946-1978

Dennis Lee Lackey was a man of dreams. He was a poet. He believed in himself . . . and in those who were close to him. He lived hard, never giving himself a moment's respite. For he was obsessed with tasting life and all of its possibilities. Stricken with diabetes at 19, by the time he entered his thirty-second year he was a frail scarecrow of a man, easily prone to fatigue. But he kept going. He made plans for himself. When he moved to Bellingham from Tacoma last fall, he had dreams of establishing an artist's community; a communal farmhouse filled with people as sensitive and open as himself. It never materialized. Instead, he lived in a beach-front condominium, 17 miles out of town, with a seven-year-old former sled dog, a black female kitten . . . and me. We didn't always get along well. There was never enough money or time. But we loved, respected and looked after each other and that made us richer than most.

He joined me on the Klipsun staff, beginning Winter Quarter, serving as story editor. He was good with young writers, complimenting those blessed with talent and encouraging those without it. He wanted this humor edition to work, and I hope we haven't let him down. But even if we have, I can only fall back on his very own words; "It ain't easy being funny, but with a face like yours, you'd win in a walk every time." Goodnight brother.

Michael Vouri

Klipsun

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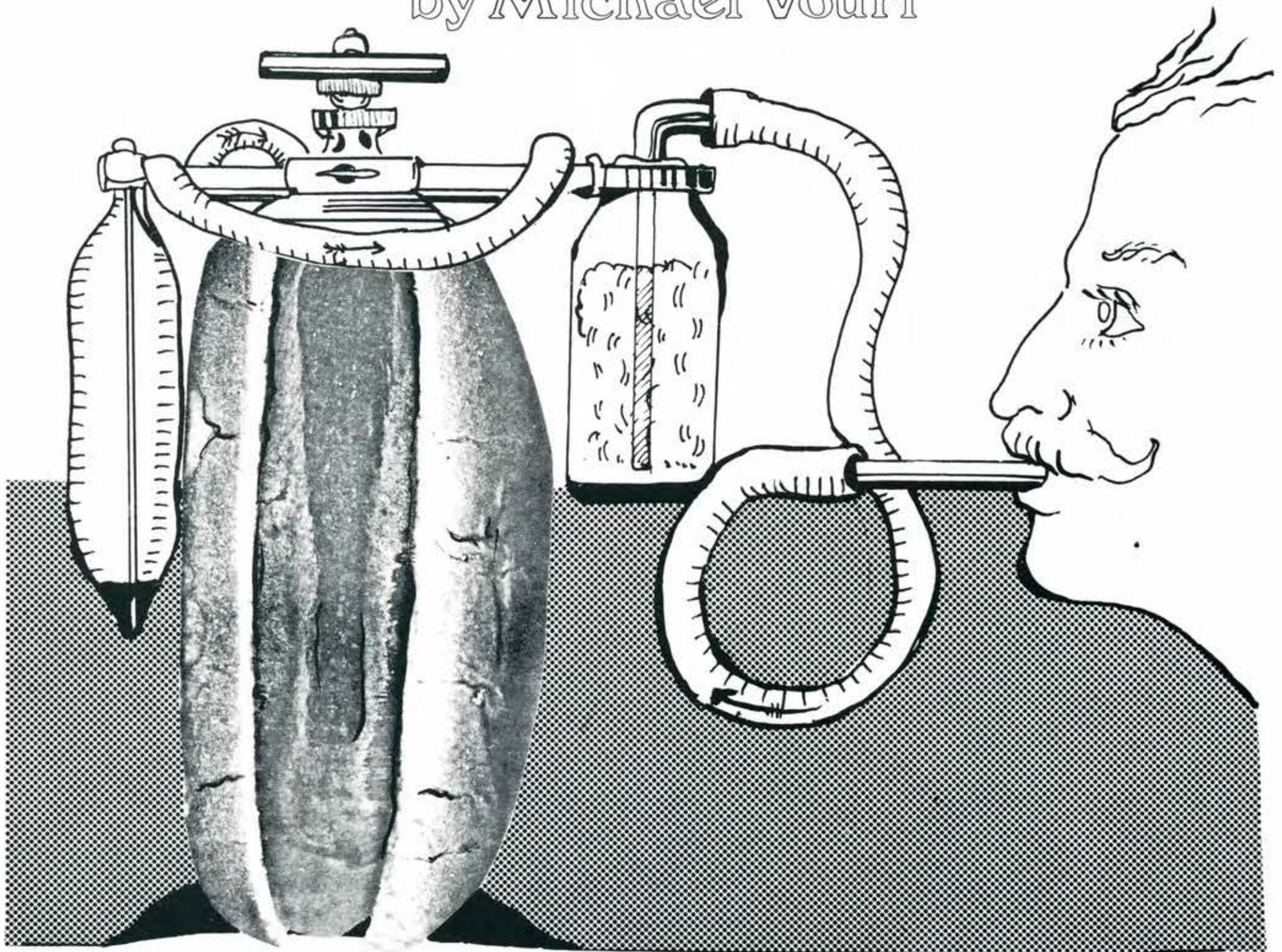
Photo on page 16 by Howard Levin.

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Western Washington University

The Amazing Phospho Dog

by Michael Vouri



Rupert Schlong, chairman of the board of the second largest hamburger empire in the world, eased his double-beef bulk into his genuine leather desk chair, fired-up a black-market Viva Fidello and scanned the front page of *Buns on the Run*, his company house organ.

"What the hell?!?" he thundered.

His meaty forefinger crushed the intercom button.

"Miss Brazier, get me Furter on the phone immediately!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRTTTTTT!

"Yeah, Furter? Listen up. Stop by the lab and pick up Piddlesnap! I want to see him here in five minutes. What? You're goddamned right something's wrong. It's that Krock again! That's right, another

new sandwich — and the bastard had the nerve to send a news release to my own public relations office! You're damned right somebody should have told me, but that's not the problem anymore. We've got to answer him with something and that's why I want you to quit blabbing and get Piddlesnap! You hear me? Now get with it!!!!"

Meanwhile

Ivory Edgar Piddlesnap stood alone in the dark, nervously, impatiently twirling the hair on his temples. Waiting. Fretting. He felt as though he'd been planted in that one spot forever. His sphincter yawned lazily, so he shifted from one foot to the other to avoid the final gasp.

It was the fiftieth time in three days he'd attempted

the experiment now bubbling in a beaker across the room. He could have sworn he had the figures right this time. He had been deductive all the way and learned from every failure.

But it had to end soon. His clothing was riddled with holes, and his wife had run off with an oiler from a Greek freighter.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," the note read. "The only thing you care about is your sandwich laboratory. And that ridiculous invention of yours — well — I've found a man who knows a woman is more than a piece of flesh, slapped between two sesame-seed buns. Good-bye forever. Frankee."

If she'd only been patient. Now she would probably miss out on everything.

But nothing happened in the beaker. The room remained dark. Ivory moved heavily to the light switch.

Suddenly the door burst open, revealing the steaming face of Francis (Frank to his friends) Furter. It was clear to see that Mr. Schlong had upset him again. His clothing was disheveled and he smelled of a rancid mixture of mustard and George Dickel. A cigarette twitched in the corner of his mouth.

"Frank, I couldn't get it working, I -"

"Can it," Ivory, the boss is hopping mad. We've got to get down there, mach snell! Let's go!"

Frank stuffed Ivory's flailing arms into his coat and shoved him out the door. Ivory could only manage a weak stream of broken sentences in protest. He hoped the laboratory was insured. He hated to leave anything, especially this new project, over the bunson burner.

*** *** ***

Frank was a terrible driver, and he hated people. That made him worse than terrible. He couldn't bear to share the road with anyone — not even Presbyterians.

"GET OUTTA MY WAY, LUNKHEAD . . . JERK-OFF . . . AW. COME ON, THAT'S RIGHT, PLAY COP, YOU STUPID . . . OH, WHAT NOW? . . . DUMB BROAD . . ."

"Say . . . uh . . . Frank?" Ivory spoke coolly and carefully. Frank, when behind the wheel, was prone to disintegrate at the drop of a hat.

"YEAH, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT . . . YEAH, HERE'S TO YUH, ASSHOLE . . . what is it, Ivory?" Frank asked, pressing an upthrust middle finger against the windshield.

Ivory was becoming indignant, at last.

"Well, I'd appreciate an explanation of why you rushed into my lab and dragged me out the door, at the conclusion of one of the most important fast-food experiments of the decade. I couldn't even go over my notes, and to think I was right on the threshold of -"

"The boss wants you . . . YEAH, UP YOURS

BUDDY . . . it's as simple as that. Man is he pissed. Brand X just came out with the *Super Justice League of America Triple Beef Turbo Burger*. Comes in its own styrofoam Apollo capsule . . . EAT IT . . . they're selling millions of them. Even have their promos pipelined with it. They hired a whole army of guys to run around the country in Captain Turbo suits . . . YOU BULLET-HEADED TWIT, GET OVER THERE . . . the boss is going to want to hear something positive about that experiment of yours — or else it's sell-out time to the Martinet Chain. Can you believe it? Switching from newspapers to fast food!"

Later

"Aw, . . . come in," Schlong hurried around his desk, extending a box full of Fidellos and a *Schlong Burger* lighter.

"My boy, necessity is the mother of invention. Right?"

"So they say sir," Ivory replied. "And uh, it's . . . uh . . . Piddlesnap, sir."

"Piddlesnap, *Schlong Burgers* is in need. We need you, boy. We need that creation we've been paying you to develop. The jig is up. The enemy has us flanked and they're closing in fast." (Schlong had seen *Patton* 150 times and had a Sten Gun dash-mounted in his El Dorado.)

"Well sir, I, uh, do have this one project," Ivory said. "It is rather special. Spent most of my time on it, as a matter of fact. I've lost 20 pounds since I started it. My clothes are in rags. My wife ran off with an oiler . . ." His voice cracked. A solitary tear rolled down his cheek.

"And so the gladiators shall rise up . . . son, there's no shame in having your wife run off with a football player. You've done a noble sacrifice. But, you've got to keep hanging in there. Even if they have you pinned down on your own twenty, behind thirty points, with a minute left to play." (Schlong owned majority stock in the Bellingham Blisters football organization and distributed paper-back copies of *Run To Daylight* to all his employees.)

"You don't understand, sir. He wasn't a football player, he . . ."

"Never mind that now. I want you to go back to that lab of yours and I don't want you to poke your head out of the door until you come up with something colossal, boy, something stupendous!!!"

"Yes sir."

"Don't worry about food. We'll send over plenty of Two-Ton-No-Wrong Schlong Burgers and Cokes to keep you going."

Schlong examined Ivory's shredded garments.

"We'll also send over some double-knit jumpers and paper hats. Get going now, and remember, at Schlong's we don't just decorate our buns — we pack 'em."

Still Later

Ivory worked three weeks without respite. He was

beginning to hate the kid who brought the insidious white paper bag everyday. The adnoidal little bugger had a machined smile and a face that resembled a topographical relief map of the Himalayas."

"You deserve a break, Mr. Piddlesnap," he'd chirp, as he breezed into the lab at noon.

Ivory had had it.

"Put that sack down and get out of here, you oozing little bugle, before I deep-fat fry you! Roast you over the bunson burner. I'll change your nose into a corndog, I'll -"

While back-peddling away in terror, the kid stumbled into the table containing Ivory's chemical work-ups. The brews mixed amid the broken glass on the floor. An eerie glow began to emanate from the center.

"Quick, get the lights!" Ivory shouted.

going to premiere this colossal sandwich in unison — so please wait till everybody's served. All right. Turn out the lights and pull the lid!"

"Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

They were two-foot long hotdogs . . . and they glowed in the dark. As each shareholder received a helping, another iridescent green face appeared in the cavernous room.

"Fantastic, Piddlesnap!" Schlong exclaimed. "This'll kill Krock. I'm telling you, boy, there'll be no limit to this. Why hell, we'll be able to sell enough Phospho Dogs to buy out Martinet and go into the newspaper business too!"

"Yes sir, I was thinking along those . . .uh . . . uh . . .uh-oh."

There was something about the glow that unsettled him. It seemed somehow, more intense than it had



The kid slipped and slid across the room and threw the switches.

"Wow!"

Finally

Rupert Schlong, resplendent in white tie and tails, addressed the glittering throng in the banquet room of the Waldorf.

". . . and now, fellow shareholders of Schlong's Two-Ton-No-Wrong Beef, the moment you've all been waiting for. The piece-de-resistance of American sandwich making . . . our new creation . . . The PHOSPHO DOG!"

Ivory and Frank marched proudly into the ballroom, wheeling a sterling silver steam-table with the lid carefully in place. The crowd drooled in anticipation.

The proud Schlong once more addressed the shareholders.

"Please pick up your plates, ladies and gentlemen, and prepare to receive the treat of your lives. We're

ever been before. Had he done something different with the mixture that morning?

"BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM.....PZZZAAAAAA-AAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

Something whistled past his ear, leaving a long green tracer in its wake.

The hotdogs were blasting off. The plates were the pads — the buns, launch towers. They were exploding everywhere, sending a maelstrom of fiery laser beams ricocheting off the ceiling and walls. Shards of empty hotdog casings littered the floor. Men shouted. Women screamed. All was in tumult.

Ivory dove under a table, where he found Schlong.

"I'm terribly sorry sir. Oh my God! What have I done? What have I done?" Ivory wailed, expecting Schlong to kill him . . . or at least force him to eat a Phospho Dog.

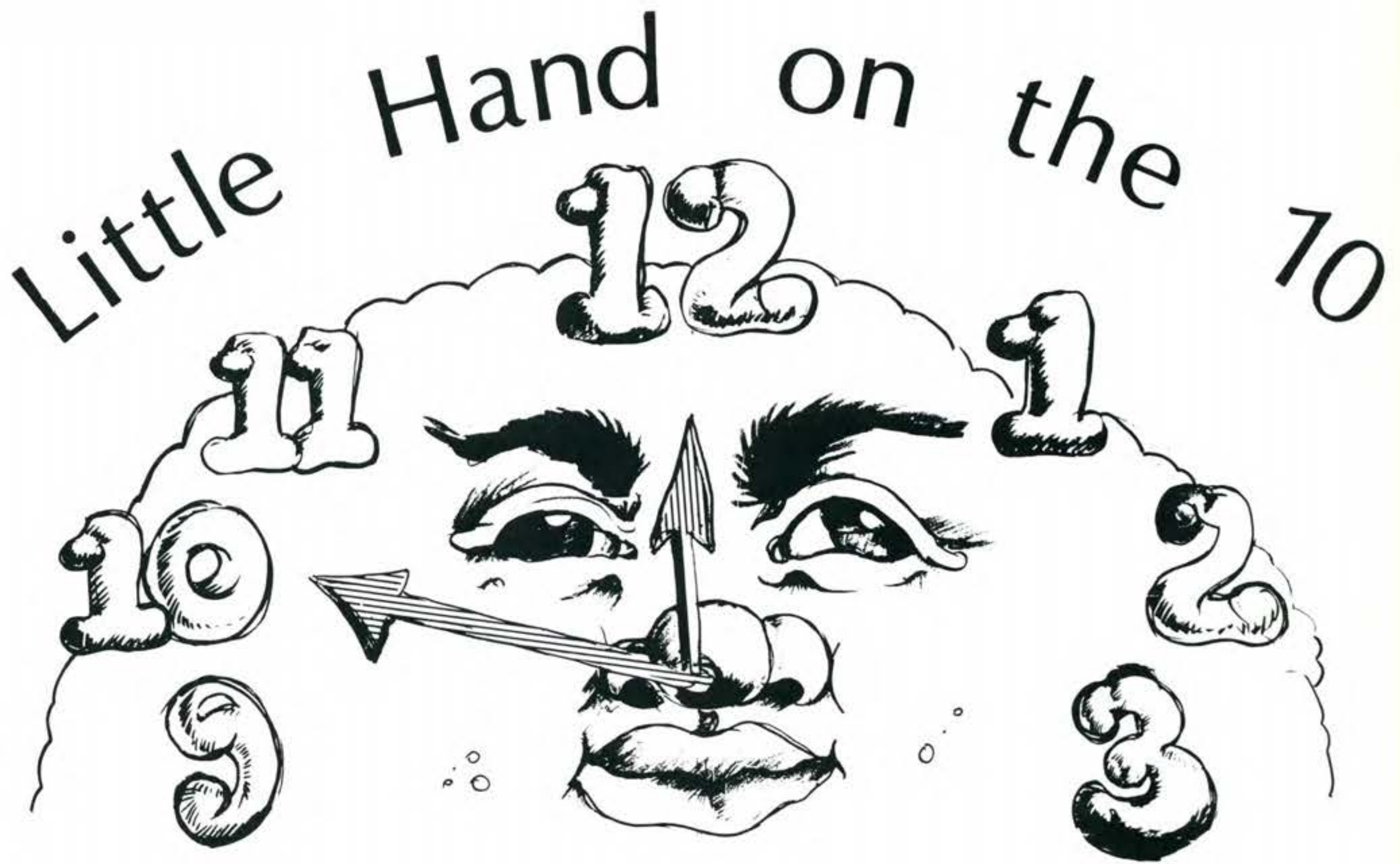
"Fantastic kid!" he boomed. "Further, get me the Pentagon!"

NO TWO ARE ALIKE . . .



That's the unique characteristic of the official *Women's Center Tee-shirts* now on sale in the Viking Union. Each shirt is hand-printed by Lithuanian artisans, who've taken great care to insure there are no duplicate designs. The shirts are easily removable, which makes them especially right for wet tee-shirt contests everywhere.

The *Women's Center Tee-shirt*, on sale now at popular prices. Get yours while the supply lasts.



by Gregg Olsen and Leslie Kelly

After each step, Jody would grimace. Every leg movement caused his blue corduroy pants to rub against his sore skinned knees. "Damn, it hurts," he said softly to himself. His fleshy pink gums also hurt. This morning he'd actually brushed his teeth instead of just wetting his toothbrush to trick his mother. The pain in his knees, however, was his main concern. Sore gums never interfered with recess. He quickened his pace. Jody was late for school. Being late wasn't his fault, though. If only drivers had noticed that the six-year-old was hitchhiking and not waving at them as they passed him by. Hitchhiking was a skill Jody had learned watching epi-

sodes of "The Mod Squad."

He stopped in front of the big heavy yellow door number 108. "Balloon Brain" was yakking already. That bitch never shuts up about how much "neatness counts." You'd think she was teaching fourth grade and not first.

It took both hands and some careful maneuvering of his \$6 million man lunchbox to open the door. Jody hung his green down jacket on a peg next to Sheila Perkins'. Unzipping her pockets, he felt for milk money. Nothing. He frowned, then smiled. Rick or Marty had probably beat him to it. They'd meet at "headquarters," behind the back-

stop and divide the three cents during recess.

Miss Collins could be heard lecturing in the classroom. "And after recess, Mrs. Wilson's class is going to come into our room to see a filmstrip entitled "The Brady Bunch: Good Citizens or Communists?"

Jody walked into the fluorescent light-buzzing room. Twenty-two pairs of eyes focused on him. A relief for the class. At least they didn't have to listen to or look at Miss Collin's emaciated body topped with her abnormally large head — the source of her nickname, "Balloon Brain."

"You're late Jody."

"So what," he said, sneering as

he had seen Don Rickles do on the Dinah Shore show.

"So," Miss Collins said lowering her voice and picking up the yardstick, "you will have to sit in the front row."

Miss Collins pointed her chalky yardstick at a small desk next to hers.

"Forget it, bitch. I'm going to sit in Sharon's seat today. Go sit in the front row," he said to a girl in the back row.

"Shove it, Jody Hinckley," the blond-haired girl answered. Her best friend Sarah echoed her. "Yeah, Jody, shove it . . ."

In an effort to maintain a sense of order, Miss Collins banged the yardstick on her desk and began waving it threateningly. Silence. Jody looked at her, then at Sharon. Being forced to sit in the front row wasn't worth pulling Sharon's hair or getting hit with that damn yardstick.

He sat down in the front row. Glancing at the bleak-faced clock, he noticed recess would be soon. The big hand was on the 6 and the little hand was between 9 and 10. Most of the kids had learned to tell time during their "Sesame Street periods."

The front row is for people with glasses or those who liked "The Waltons."

Miss Collins looked at her desk. No apples adorned it — instead there was a small bouquet of droopy dandelions that Kenny, one of her "good boys" had brought her a few days earlier. Am I dreaming or is this the "Twilight Zone" or something? What has happened to these kids? Thank God the weekend is almost here. . . need time to relax. . .

"Students, don't forget that tomorrow is 'Show and Tell.' Barry, if you bring your father's machete . . ."

"From the War," a boy with glasses and practically no nose said, interrupting the teacher.

"Yes, Barry. As I was saying, the nurse won't be here tomorrow so please keep it in its sheath."

The big hand moved to the 11. Most of the kids were a little bored with the letters of the alphabet that Miss Collins assigned them to practice. CBS, NBC and ABC were scrawled on their papers. Little pink hands holding big black pencils with no erasers — hard work.

Recess was the best part of the day next to TV Time or lunch if it was something good like "Italian Spaghetti w/roll and garlic butter."

Rick tossed an eraser with some straight pins sticking from it at Barry to get his attention. Not a good shot, it missed Barry and landed on his formica desk. Barry looked up, his permanent grape

juice mustache made him look as though he had a perpetual smile.

"Did you see "Baretta" last night?" Rick whisper/talked across the grey shiny waxed aisle. "Four people got it."

"Hell, no. My mom came home last night in a bitchy mood and made us watch some special on the Bolshoi ballet. A bunch of fags if you ask me."

Rick shook his head. "You mean a bunch of boys like Kenny the queer." He pointed to a small red-haired boy behind them. "You want to beat him up at recess? That was funny when Sarah choked him with her jump rope . . ."

"Forget it. We're going to play



kickball today. Me and Jody are the captains."

It was 10:00. The bell rang and the class emptied. All of the kids grabbed their coats as they ran out the door. Some of the girls argued over who was going to be Farrah today when they played "Charlie's Angels."

The potent smell of the cedar-chip mattress that covered the play area drifted through the morning air. The boys ran towards the rusty chain-link backstop on the patchy green playfield. Rick was the leader — usually Jody was, but today his sore knees kept him behind Rick and Marty. Kenny was last.

A couple of students went to the school's TV Room to catch an hour of game shows or if they were especially lucky a repeat of "The Untouchables."

"My knees still hurt from yesterday. I fell off my damned skateboard," Jody announced.

Marty spat and answered, "Big deal — Are you making excuses already?"

Nearer to the classroom on the twirling bars, Sheila was the reigning twirling queen. With the concentration of an Olympian, she wrapped her ski jacket around the cold steel bar and straddled it with her left leg. "Watch this, Sharon, I'm going to do three full turns in a row."

The other girls watched in silent awe. One, two, three. Sheila had done it again. Bits of sawdust stuck in her pig-tails.

She'd probably be the first girl in the class to start her period.

"Anyone top that?" she asked reaching under her skirt to pull on the waistband of her white, smudgy leotards. "Can you Sarah?"

"At recess, my name is Farrah," Sarah said defensively.

The girls crowded around the bar to watch Sarah.

The sun began to melt through the overcast sky. Jody and Rick had chosen their teams. Jody was stuck with Kenny — last pick as usual. "How come you guys always pick me last?" he asked looking at Jody and Marty.

"Because you stink," Marty

said, wiping his nose on his sweatshirt sleeve. "C'mon, let's get this game started. Pitch that kickball, Rick, Jody's ready to score!"

"My knees are really sore, damn it," Jody said standing in front of homeplate. He stared at Rick on the pitcher's mound. I'll psych him out, he thought.

The yellow ball marked #108 with a magic marker rolled towards him. Spinning faster, faster, . . . over the bumps in the field. Jody watched it come closer — right NOW. He kicked it near first base.

"Foul, strike one," called Rick. "Try it again, Jod."

It was 10:14. The sun had

completely wedged itself through the cracks in the clouds. The yellow ball rolled again, again, again.

The score was 2-2. Everyone but Jody was having a good day. Even Kenny got on base.

Marty struck out his second up and took his frustration out on Gary, the new boy. "It's all your fault, kid," Marty said.

Gary's cucumber eyes looked at Marty, "Who me?"

"It's all your fault," Marty repeated. "You're a bastard." He picked up the chunk of granite used to make second base and hurled it at Gary's chest. It knocked him to the ground.

The game went on.

Jody had made two "outs." It just hurt too much to run as fast as he normally could. Sliding into first base he opened the wounds on his scabby knees. Dust adhered to the small dots of blood on each pant leg.

Rick yelled at Jody: "You're not playing so great today, Hinckley. You let your whole team down."

Jody's lower lip stiffened. "I can't help it if I have sore knees, can I? So eat it, Rick." He shoved his hands deep into his pants.

"I say you're the worst player on the team. Worse than Kenny," Marty said acknowledging Kenny's smile.

"Yeah," Kenny said, scuffing his shoes into the grass and sawdust. "Yeah, you're worse than me."

"Better shut up, queer, or I'll kill you." Jody looked anxiously at the boys around him. Behind him rose the rusty, clanky backstop. "Go on and get Sheila and we'll choke Kenny again, Paul."

A boy wearing green pants and an orange "Waterfall Elementary Jaguars" T-shirt ran to the twirling bars to get the girls. Sheila saw him coming. "Oh, good, Sharon, Paul's coming for us — we're going to get someone really good. Get your jump rope, Farrah." Sheila did a final twirl on the bar.

Miss Collins watched from the classroom window. It was 10:45. Fifteen more minutes left of the hour long recess the kids demanded and Miss Collins needed.



"Let's get him. Let's get him real good. Let's Kojak him," Sharon started to chant. She and Sarah each wrapped a burned blackened end of a yellow jump rope around their little hands. "Let's hurry or the boys will have all the fun."

Sheila agreed and started to run towards the swarm of boys encasing Jody.

"Look, it's Jody Hinckley!" a girl called from the front.

"Damn it, I was hoping we could get Kenny again," Sarah said, loosening her grip on her end of the jump rope. "I guess we can have fun with Jody — he was late today — he deserves it."

The rope wasn't necessary in order to choke Jody, Marty had improvised by shoving sawdust into Jody's mouth. "I saw Ida Lupino do this once on the late show," Marty explained.

Kenny smiled through the cracks of the boards of the backstop. He wasn't the boy lying on the field crying today.

"You deserve this Jody," Sheila said. "You're a poor sport and a creep." She kicked Jody's blonde head. Little red flecks dotted the

ankle of her leotards. "Look what your stupid blood did to my clothes," she screamed.

She kicked him again. No response.

Kenny started to laugh.

The bell rang.

Marty shrugged his shoulders. "Damn, recess is all over." He picked up the kickball and smiled. "I guess I can be captain tomorrow."

Miss Collins waited for the kids as they filed in the room. Scrawled on the blackboard in her curly cue handwriting: "No T.V. Time today."

"I saw what happened out there," she said in a quavering voice. And I'm getting tired of it." Her voice grew louder.

Sarah started to cry upon seeing Miss Collins' message on the chalkboard.

"I'm sick and tired of seeing T.V. shows reenacted every recess. Marty, you are not Lt. Kojak. Sarah, you are not Farrah Fawcett-Majors."

Sarah stopped weeping and fluffed her long hair.

"Brinnnnnnng — brinnnnngggg

Miss Collins walked across the classroom to answer the ringing intercom. No one pointed or whispered about the tear in her loose fitting gray pantsuit. She turned her back to the class. "I see. Have his parents been contacted? When will he be well? Yes, it was unfortunate, indeed. Thank-you, nurse."

"All of you must understand that you are real people with real feelings. Jody Hinckley is the last straw. The nurse says he will be fine in a couple of days. But things could have been worse and indeed they have been in the past." She looked at Kenny in the front row.

"There will be no more such games at recess. No more rapists, no more murderers."

Miss Collins looked at her wristwatch — 11:15. "Okay, enough of that. Now I want you to be on your very best behavior for Mrs. Wilson's class. The filmstrip will be about 35 minutes."

Twenty-one kids straightened their posture and folded their hands across their desks.

Humor Coalition Notes: for Clay & Greg — Things to do!

- 1.) Additional corrections to Harriet (be sure to duck!)
- 2.) Check with Kyle Harris for libel laws (if there isn't at least one per page, we've failed).
- 3.) Bail Newberg out of jail (see Angelo about bonds — he knows).
- 4.) Try to keep Steffens in the dark as much as possible.
- 5.) Resupply LeMieux with "Black Beauties" — she's run out.
- 6.) Avoid insulting Olscamp (reprimands could be vicious).
- 7.) Discourage Macke from using toilet humor.
- 8.) Final Butcher (use Angelo's chopper or Sim's junker).
- 9.) Prepare a list of lies for people who took us seriously.
- 10.) Tell LeMieux not to Xerox anymore of my plants — it ruins the taste.
- 11.) I'm leaving the country immediately! Be sure this memo isn't mistakenly shot by Bill McNamara and printed.
Thank, Mike



NEUTRON BOMB; IT'S EASY AND AMAZING

BY JANET SIMMELINK

First there was the atom bomb, and it was good.

In one lovely mushroom cloud it wiped out thousands of short people who had no reason to live. It was the perfect pitch, the technical knockout, the winning touchdown in Superwar II. When the party was over and the treaties signed, the generous winner picked up the loser, shook his hand, and gave him a consolation prize worth millions in golf balls, three-piece suits, Coca Cola, and Shirley Temple dolls.

Then came the Hydrogen bomb, and it was better.

Hailed as the "super," it was faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to wipe out whole cities with a single blast. It is a great pity that this powerful tool has never been used — especially in Viet Nam. It would have increased the integrity of a second-class war, and given the short people there the opportunity to receive millions in golf balls, faded blue jeans, Coca Cola, and Farrah Fawcett dolls.

It is compact and easy to use. It is more efficient because it creates thrice as much radiation as the old fashioned bombs, but only one-tenth the heat/blast. This generates a great economic advantage because there will be less property damage per bomb, and fewer people bellyaching to receive golf balls, blue jeans, Coca Cola, and Farrah Fawcett dolls.

President Carter has requested funds for the development of the neutron bomb, but he has yet to decide whether to stock in in American arsenals or make it

available to G.I. Joe commanders on the land, on the sea, and in the air. The American arsenals already have a vast, expensive weapons system in stock. In the neutron bomb, we have a weapon we can use. It is new and improved, and saves us money. We deserve a break today. What good is having all these weapons if we can't use them? It only causes a perpetual staredown between major world powers.

In an effort to relieve this staredown before somebody blinks and blows a country or two off of the map, the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks were conceived. Because the neutron bomb is classified as "tactical," we don't have to talk to the Russians about it. This marvelous new bomb, with its enhanced radiation, destroys people, but leaves buildings intact. That is the very beauty of the thing — its respect for property. The money stays in the banks, the china in the cabinets, the books on the shelves. Only the people are eliminated, easing overpopulation in the world.

Picture it: If a neutron bomb

was detonated over, say, Carver Gym — while all the students would be dead, either immediately if they happened to be swimming or playing racquetball, or in a few weeks if elsewhere on campus — the rest of the college would remain intact. Only the gym, and 300 feet or so around it would be damaged. The other buildings, the red bricks, as well as "Ode to Handel," and "India," would be unscathed.

The Pentagon is delighted with its new toy, and sees it opening up a whole new range of tactical possibilities. It can be guided, via cruise missile, to an exact target, and the Pentagon knows there is no possibility of a nuclear flying object going off course out of control.

Then there is always the market value. We can sell our new bomb as an effective cure to those countries who suffer occasionally from irregularity in their foreign relations; or to those that want cleaner, fresher weapons, and more sects appeal.

Critics argue that an increase of willingness to use nuclear weapons would make all-out nuclear war more likely. This, of course, is ridiculous. The leaders of the world are responsible characters, and operate with restraint and cool judgment. What the neutron bomb offers us is the greatest lead in the arms race since Hiroshima. Disguised as a mild-mannered tactical weapon for a major world power, it can fight a never-ending battle for truth, justice, and the American Way of Freedom.

Western Grunt

March 1978

"All the print that fits is news"

Miller Hall to be towed away

Campus Security attempted to have Miller Hall towed away at 12:00 p.m. yesterday because of eight years of piled up parking tickets.

Sergeant Chuck Scott of Western's Security Department, the man who gave the order to tow, said, "I looked at the original, official plan for the school — and Miller Hall isn't on it."

"That's a parking violation," he added.

Scott found that no towing business in Bellingham would take the job, so he called Seattle.

"Nobody down there would handle the job either," he said.

According to University Officials, Miller Hall will not be towed away. Campus Security, however, hasn't given up.

"We're requesting a presidential task force," said Scott, to look into the possibility of getting the Army Corps of Engineers to remove Miller Hall."

"It just isn't there in the plans," said Scott.

Last week Security had three sculptures and a drinking fountain towed off campus.



NO TOW JOE — B'ham truckers try in vain to lift ticketed Miller Hall.

Fairhaven closes Western

Western Washington University will be closed down and converted into a Fred Meyer Shopping Center at the end of this school year, according to officials at Fairhaven College.

The administrators at Fairhaven apparently are reacting to current rulings from Western which claim Fairhaven will close down at the end of the 1978 school year to be converted into a DISCO and all-night laundromat.

Western claims the type of education offered at Fairhaven is, "outdated, out-moded, and out-to-lunch."

Fairhaven claims schooling at Western appeals only to, "overly ambitious, capitalistic pig-dogs, who watch too much TV."

The rumor, from Huxley College is that both Western and Fairhaven will close at the end of the year to be transformed into solar reactors.

Beatles cancel Western reunion

The Beatles will not appear in the Western Reunion concert, planned for next month, AS president Knave Schlark announced yesterday.

"We decided the Beatles just aren't what people want to listen to anymore," Schlark said. "Besides, for \$100 less we were able to book an all-star show, featuring Trini Lopez, the Captain and Tennille and Shawn Cassidy."

Disbanded since 1970, The Beatles decided to reunite last December, and chose Bellingham as the first concert site because, according to bass player Paul McCartney, "We wanted to shop at the Fred Meyer and buy donuts in Lynden."

The price was relatively low, considering the magnitude of the event. The group asked for \$88,456.98, plus accommodations in the Leopold Hotel, which were obtained by the AS free of charge,

in exchange for free publicity.

"We were going to hang a banner up over the stage reading, 'Thanks Leopold!'" said Schlark. "But heck, with the groups we've got now, we don't have to revert to such horrendously middle class actions."

A spokesman for the Beatles indicated yesterday, in a telephone interview from London, that the Liverpool lads are none too happy with the AS turn of mind.

"They're hopping mad," the spokesman said. "John Lennon threw a coke bottle across the room and said, 'They're still fucking peasants as far as I could see.'"

Paul McCartney, currently recording in Cairo, said, "Monkberry, Moon Delight." His wife was unavailable for comment.

In response to the remonstrative remarks of the Beatles, Schlark replied, "Goo goo ga joob!"

Eating in vein



A new "wasteless" method of feeding students is now being used by Saga Food Service at Western.

Students are enjoying their meals the quick, easy, intravenous way.

Saga officials say that feeding intravenously is assurance that students will get the necessary vitamins and minerals — with less mess, in less time, and with no waste.

"Meals only take a quarter of the time they used to," said Saga Chief, Hans Bardee, "and we've eliminated the need for dishwashers and busboys. Now all we employ are three lab assistants."

"It's great," said Janice Dawson, a sophomore majoring in Computer Calculus, "It gives me more time to study."

Franz Heinz, a junior majoring in Coffee Shop, had different thought, "my veins are sore," he said.

Saturday night is steak night.

Nixon visits

Ex-president and Watergate celebrity Richard Nixon was on Western's campus last week to speak to freshmen civics classes on "Honesty in Government."

Nixon has been traveling the college lecture circuit for the past year promoting his new book, "I Am Not a Crook."

During the "Honesty in Government" speech Nixon announced that he was placing his neck on the political chopping block once again by running for city council in Havana, Cuba.

Nixon ate a bowl of chili with ketchup, a small plate of salad, and some cheesecake for lunch.

UFO hovers over Sehome Hill

A new type of sightseer, apparently not from Canada or the Northeastern United States, may have visited Bellingham last week, — aliens from Outer Space.

Herm Weeder, an eyewitness to the unofficial visit explains, "I was up on Sehome Hill about midnight last night, watching the sunset, when I saw a long, cigar shaped shaft with red and blue flashing lights zoom by. I knew it was an Unidentified Flying Object, because the initials, UFO were printed on both sides of it."

"It made a quick run of the hill,"

Weeder, a sophomore Fairhaven student majoring in Rock Stars said, "and then landed in the K-Mart parking lot north of town."

Store Officials at K-Mart reported that they had seen no signs of the supposed landing but added that they would welcome the visitors depending on the rate of exchange between the United States and wherever the aliens are from.

In later questioning, Weeder admitted that he had eaten three hits of LSD before venturing to Sehome Hill. "LSD or no LSD, a UFO is a UFO," Weeder said.

President's sweater burns during chat

President Carter's sweater, a tan cardigan with cream colored buttons, caught fire last night during one of his famous fireside chats. The event was televised nationally by three major networks.

The President apparently just got too close to the open blaze and — poof — his sweater was in flames. Three secret service agents quickly wrestled the burning sweater to the floor. Carter, visibly shaken, but unhurt, was rushed to Loma Linda Hospital where he was pronounced, "O.K." by White House physician Dr. Clemente Sans. The sweater is reportedly in critical condition.

"The President was going to announce that the White House has signed O.J. Simpson to a four-year, no-cut contract," said Press Secretary Jody Powell.

"O.J. will be out new director of Bureaucratic Transportation, said Powell. We will station him at R.F.K. Airport where he will secure rental cars and flight reservations for visiting dignitaries."

Brother Billy was unavailable for comment.

Psycho prof tenured



After 32 years Psychology professor B.F. Jung has finally achieved tenure.

Jung, who came to Western from American Civil Liberties University, (ACLU) in 1908, has been seeking tenure since 1946 when he was chosen "Best Rhesus Monkey Trainer" by fellow members of the psychology department.

Since then he has written seventeen novels, all unpublished and unseen, (due to copyright hassles), and his work has appeared in such national publications as Psychology Yesterday, Wrestling World, and Nickel Want Ads.

Jung, who has been on a liquid protein diet since 1963, was unavailable for comment.

Punkers retch, puke at Western



Punk rockers are having to struggle to keep up their image. The age old brick wall of convention has them beating their heads against it. Sid Slobber and his band, the Spittles, are trying to make their debut on the Northwest Coast, but no luck.

Recently, a Spittles concert was cancelled in Bellingham.

Grunt: "Why do you think you were banned in Bellingham?"

Slobber: "Aw, I don't know. I mean, Punk Rock's the thing these days."

Grunt: "Why was your last concert stopped midway through the first song?"

Slobber: "I peed on stage."

Grunt: "If such behavior causes your concerts to be canceled, why do you persist?"

Slobber: "I like to express my true self. I really believe in what I do. I puke and spit too—that's where the group got its name."

Grunt: "Do you really consider your music art?"

Slobber: "I don't really give a s—, it's just what I do."

Grunt: "How did you get started in your musical career?"

Slobber: "Well, I was going to be a brain surgeon, but I flunked out of Junior High."

Grunt: "I guess that's water under the bridge now, eh?"

Slobber: "We have a saying something like that."

Grunt: "What's that?"

Slobber: "We say 'That's just piss in the toilet'."

Grunt: "Why do you wear a safety pin in your ear?"

Slobber: "Because it wouldn't go through my nose."

I was asking Sid another question when he pulled a rather large goober out of his left nostril, examined it for a moment, then nonchalantly plopped it in his mouth.

Grunt: "Do you believe in love?"

Slobber: "I think you should really get to know a girl before you use and abuse her."

Grunt: "How long do you stay with a girl?"

Slobber: "Oh say, about two hours; I don't believe in one night stands; I prefer lying down."

Grunt: "Do you have any hobbies?"

Slobber: "One of my hobbies is farting." Blerpchmphuuumh . . .

Grunt: "Ohmigod, you are rude."

Slobber: "Thank you."

Grunt: "Do you have any pets?"

Sid reached for something in his pocket and a stench arose in the room.

Grunt: "What's that foul smelling thing you just pulled out of your pocket?"

Slobber: "Who are you to talk about my pet rat like that!?"

Grunt: "But . . . it's dead."

Slobber: "Harvey doesn't give me any trouble: he's just like a member of the band."

Grunt: "Is he part of your image?"

Slobber: "I don't know . . . What's the image bit? Are your pets part of your IMAGE?"

Grunt: "I asked you first."

Slobber: "Well I guess you could say so."

Sid put the carcass back in his pocket. I went on.

Grunt: "Who are the other members of your band and what do they do?"

Slobber: "Well, there's Mike Mucus, he plays harmonica, then there's Bill Barf on lead guitar, Victor Vulgar's on bass, and Rick Wretch is on drums."

Grunt: "How do you all get along?"

Slobber: "We stick together. We have gross out contests when we have nothing better to do on tour (when not on stage) . . .

Grunt: "Like what?"

Slobber: "Oh, we have spitting rallies, and then Bill does his barf routine . . . We have to rehearse you know."

Grunt: "What kind of music do you listen to?"

Slobber: "I have a recording of a New York men's restroom in the subway during rush hour that I like to play."

Grunt: "Do you and the Spittles have any immediate plans for the future?"

Slobber: "We might tour Europe. I don't understand why they (the U.S.) don't want us to stay longer."

Grunt: "Well, haven't you been a little destructive?"

Slobber: "We've been real destructive. It's out way of getting our message across."

Grunt: "Don't you get tired of being destructive and rude?"

Slobber: "Never. I just think up new and better ways of being revolting."

Grunt: "Why do you try to be so offensive?"

Slobber: "I don't try to be offensive — I am offensive."

Grunt: "Why?"

Slobber: "I hate authority. All my life I've had to put up with it and I'm fed up."

Grunt: "We've all had to 'put up' with it in one way or another, but you handle it quite differently."

Slobber: "I've had this life-long urge to say 'f— you!' to authority, and now I'm finally doing it! I puke, spit and fart on cue!"

Grunt: "I think I've had enough."

Jock Tock

by J. STRAP

Milton Freewater stands nine foot ten inches tall and has trouble being inconspicuous. In his car, driving through the streets of Bellingham, Milton is an awesome sight. You could spot him on a busy city street from block away. But on the basketball court, that's where Milton Freewater is at his inconspicuous best.

Freewater, who leads Western's team in scoring, 42 a game, rebounding, all of them, and assists, 18 a game, transferred to Western from The University of Ethiopia where he was the only player in that school's program. Despite such adversity, Ethiopia University took second in the WAC (Western African Conference) during his final season.

Coach Randall discovered Freewater during a visit to Africa while promoting his world famous "collapsible rim."

"He's a fine player, and a fine individual," said Randall, "I love him."

Milton expressed joy at being able to come to the United States; a country he first heard of while watching "Roots" in an Ethiopian hut.

"Umbala gimba reemba," said Freewater when asked about Western's chances in the upcoming EVCO championship tournament.

To pay for his schooling, Milton carves ivory voodoo dolls which he sells at the Viking Union on weekdays. Pins are extra.

Arabs—Jews crews to foos

The third annual Arab-Israeli Student Foosball tournament gets underway tomorrow at 12:00 in the Viking Union Lounge.

This year the winning team will be awarded two F-15 Fighter Bombers to send to the country or Liberation Front of their choice. The losing squad will receive two M-16 rifles as a consolation prize.

Mohammed Aziz Rachmon Abdul Sin-Sin, president of the Arab Student Club, is hoping many fans will be on hand to watch the action. "Especially big American

girls with big American breasts," said Mohammed Sin-Sin.

Saul Lee Chawley, head of the Israeli club on campus, expects a win for his squad. "The boys have been in training for over three months now and have even given up dating until the contest is over," Chawley said, "their wrists should be in good shape for this one."

The winner will advance to regionals to play the Northern Ireland Terrorists in a best of three showdown.



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Patronize
Grunt Reporters

Personal To Wilma: Don't
bother writing me. I'm
still in a coma. Ralph.



Genesis

In the beginning, Man created War. The world was without the mushroom cloud, and darkness was upon the face of the earth. Then Man said, let there be nuclear power, and there was nuclear power. And Man saw that it was good, and he separated the strong from the weak. The strong he called "Technologically Advanced" and the weak he called "Third World."

Then Man said, "Let us make a bomb in our image, after our likeness, and let it have power over the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth. So Man created a bomb, and called it Atom. He blessed it and said to it, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it and have dominion over every living thing that moves upon the earth. And it was so. And Man saw what he had made, and behold, it was very good.

Then Man said, "It is not right for Atom to be alone. It will make a helper fit for it." So Man took from Atom its fission, added fussion, and created another bomb, and called it Hydrogen. And Man said to them, "You may hold your threat over the countries of the world, but you must never activate your fission and fussion, lest earth should die." So Atom and Hydrogen lived together on Planet Earth.

One day while Hydrogen was out for a stroll, Neutron Bomb, sly in character, said, "Did Man tell you not to activate your fission and fussion?" And Hydrogen replied, "Man told us not to activate our fission and fussion lest earth should die." And cunning Neutron said, "Earth will not die. Man knows that if you activate you will have more power than man can control." Hydrogen saw that power was, indeed, a desirable thing, and it activated its fission and fussion. When Atom saw, it activated also. And a great mushroom cloud went up from the face of the Planet of Earth, and behold, Man went with it.

by Janet Simmelink

The Story of B



By Laurie McCall

For as long as I can remember my sole purpose in life has been to stand behind my man. My only need is to serve and obey. I'm happy caring for a man. Why shouldn't I be? I was designed for no other function.

I've belonged to Joe since the fall of his freshman year. He had been up at the college for a few weeks, enjoying his classes but feeling rather lonely and incomplete, as though something was missing from his life.

We met in a department store downtown. Joe took one look at me, all decked out in day-glo orange, and knew that he'd found the solution to his problems. I could provide him with all the support he needed.

Once he had checked me out from all the angles, Joe wasted no time in making his move. He was enough of a gentleman to allow a salesman to introduce us, but after a quick glance in the mirror we were on our way out the door. Normally I would never dream of going home with a man I'd just met. But I could tell by the way Joe slipped his arm around me that I'd be okay. We both sensed that this was destined to be much more than just a casual affair.

Joe has never been overly concerned with my well-being and that first day was no exception. He took advantage of my willingness right away by handing over the ten pounds of books he had been carrying. I didn't mind though, it was what I'd always wanted. I was being fulfilled.

Once Joe figured out what to do with his hands, he started getting comfortable with me. I took to him in no time at all. He wore a down jacket that felt very reassuring next to my nylon.

Our life together quickly became solid, satisfying and predictable. I would wait patiently at Joe's bedside each morning until he was ready to put me to work. I organized his papers, arranged his books, carried his lunch, and followed him around to his classes. Whenever it rained I was right there with his cap and gloves. I was Joe's constant companion, his true-blue friend.

It wasn't all a bed of roses however. We had our problems, just like any other couple. I forgave Joe the time he left me waiting in the bookstore all afternoon. And I never complained about the insipid way he always made me empty my pockets in the library exit inspection. I even put up with his constantly sweaty armpits.

But I could not excuse the hiking trip last spring

vacation. Joe and his brother had been talking about it for weeks. I was giddy at the thought of getting away from books and papers. By the time Joe finished his finals I was so ready to go that I could almost smell the mountain air.

And then Joe, the heartless brute, dropped me from his plans. It seems his brother had set him up with someone else. My substitute was bigger and stronger than me and better equipped for the rough life on the trail.

Joe left me to spend my spring vacation in a dusty corner of the closet, cohabitating with the mothballs. I've never felt so alone and forgotten. And all I could think about was Joe sitting next to the campfire rubbing his hands over the reinforced bottom of my substitute.

A bus ride that Joe and I took together soon after his return taught me that there are ways of getting even. Naturally, I was carrying his books so that he could keep his hands free for the bus fare. As we sat down, Joe's attention turned to a cute little blonde across the aisle. Forgetting my presence entirely, he sat down hard and wound up with *The Principles of Biology* jabbing him in the shoulder blades.

But I don't mean to sound like I've got a chip on my shoulder. All I ask in return for being Joe's workhorse is that he treat me with a little respect. He tends to forget that I spend just as much time at school as he does. I sit through the same boring lectures and walk through the same dreary rain. I'm always at his side through the good times and the bad.

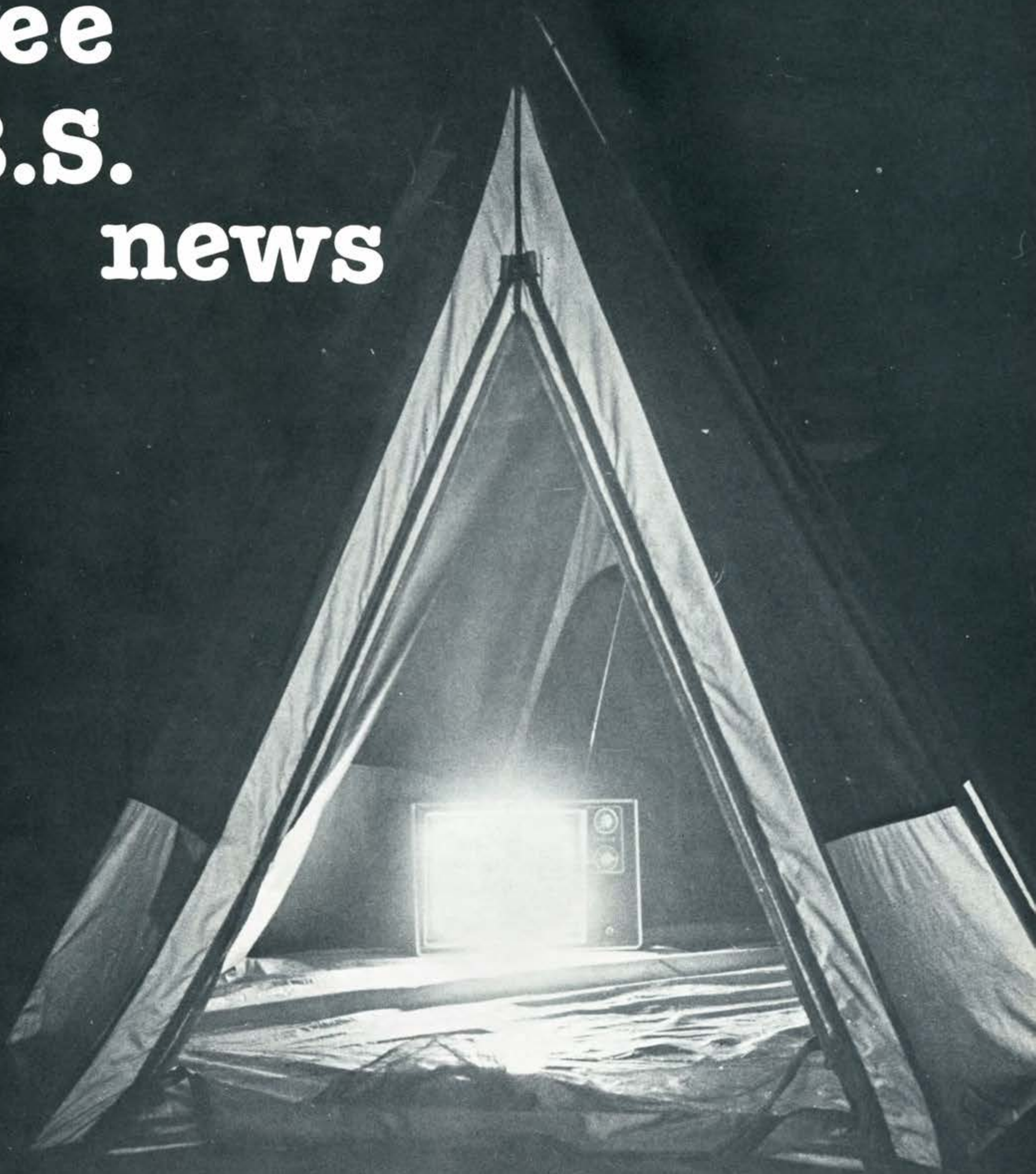
I've been good for Joe and he knows it. And, in his own way, he shows his appreciation. He's kicked me and cursed me when studying got him down. He's loaded me down with books and then blamed me for weighing too much. He's dropped me in mud puddles and tossed me onto grimy floors.

But every now and then, when he lets me sit in a soft chair or lingers at sunset with his arms around me, I know that deep inside he is honoring our partnership.

Joe is planning to go on to graduate school where I'll probably be replaced by something tough and classy like a leather briefcase. I'm getting frayed and worn now, but we both know it was me that got him through college.

It may be true that there's a woman behind every great man. But behind every great college student, there's got to be a backpack.

See B.S. news



by Alice Anderson

Emcee	<p>Blik. Brreeeeooooowrrnnnnn</p> <p>AND that wraps it up for today!</p> <p>John here has just won a Sputnik, a full-length crocodile-skin coat, and a lifetime membership in the National Audubon Society! John, tell us, how do you feel?!</p> <p>(A little man with bags under his eyes leaps into the air, screaming like a banshee. His proud and happy wife smacks the child next to her for making gargoyle mouths at the TV camera)</p> <p>This was Quorum Forum, folks. Tune in tomorrow —</p> <p>Flp-flp-flp-flop</p>	Small man	Take it easy, Mr. Nixon. Everything —
		Wraith	<p>You think I'm crazy, don't you?</p> <p>Well, I'm NOT! I AM NOT A KOOK! I AM NOT —</p> <p>(Blackout)</p>
		Roger Pudd	<p>There is no word yet on the Hare Krishnas who have captured former Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and threaten to hold him until Lord Krishna is reincarnated. According to several Hindu scholars, Krishna is not due until the next world cycle, which begins in 3.7 million years. We'll be right back.</p>
Other emcee	<p>The Bong show has been brought to you by Smylenol.</p> <p>(Blackout)</p>	A cheerful sort	<p>Denture wearers! Are you afraid to eat crunchy things? Do you offend other people with fetid breath? New Super Lemon-Mint Iron Clamp Polygrip will end your embarrassment. Super Polygrip has an exclusive formula designed especially for people with extremely slippery, slimy gums. No other product works like it. Use New Lemon-Mint Iron Clamp Polygrip, and . . . (music)</p>
Indignant individual	<p>The makers of Smylenol feel that it is their patriotic duty to inform the American public of a fraud. Blear Aspirin has been claiming 150 percent the effectiveness of Smylenol. This is false. Moreover, it is not true. Blear Aspirin LIES. Thank you for giving us a chance to straighten out the record. Smylenol. It works.</p>		<p>Take a good healthy bite of LIIIIIIIFE!</p>
	<p>This is the CBS Evening News. And here is your host, Roger Pudd.</p>	Music	<p>NO</p>
Roger Pudd	<p>Good evening. Reporters today had an unexpected opportunity to interview former President Nixon as he was being transported to the Pennsylvania Psychology Institute. Tom Brokejaw reports from Philadelphia. (A small man fends off a pack of burly reporters. A roar goes up as an emaciated wraith with two crisp-shirted attendants emerges from the wagon)</p>	Announcer	<p>Body demands</p> <p>More from a Snotsun</p> <p>Than Snotsun . . .</p> <p>and no other car has the zzzapp! of our new 300Z. Twenty more than the 280Z, forty more than the 260Z, and a full sixty more than the original 240Z! Think of it! Sixty more for the price of the last model! What other company offers you value like that? Snotsun — because . . .</p>
Our Man Tom Brokejaw	<p>Mr. Nixon, what is your present opinion of our Court's decision to confiscate ALL YOUR TAPES?!</p>		<p>We . . . Are . . . DRIVEN!</p>
Wraith	<p>I want my Joan BAEZ BACK!!! I paid two hundred bucks for that eight-track and the goddamn CIA rips it off. I know my rights —</p>	Voluptuous blonde	<p>I am Catherine DeKnoove. I like flowers . . . And trees, I guess . . . And beauty . . . And money. Particularly money . . . Maybe that's why I like Chanel #6. Chanel #6. Because of all it means to me.</p>
Reporter	<p>Mr. Nixon, what do you think of the new administration's domestic policy?</p>	Announcer	<p>This is KVOS TV, serving British Columbia and . . . uh . . . Northwest Washington.</p>
Nixon	<p>My fellow Americans. Do you not understand the perilous situation this country is in? You have eyes, yet you do not see! Ears, but —</p>		<p>CBS News Ugandan correspondent Dan Dither last night confirmed a persistent rumor. Dither reports from Kampala.</p> <p>Sources here have ascertained</p>



Anti-Dixy Demonstration

that His Excellency Idi Amin Dada is actually the Nazi dictator Adolph Hitler in disguise. Having fled Germany to evade the Allies, Hitler underwent a series of drastic operations and became the Ugandan ruler. CBS News will now hold a brief, exclusive interview with His Excellency the Fuehrer.

"Your Excellency, what prompted you to choose this obscure location in which to found the Fourth Reich?"

Amin

Achh, vell, you zee, it vas mostly ze people. Here you haf no izolated minorities to pick onn — zey are ALL minorities.

DD

Is there any truth to the rumor that Paul Joseph Goebbels also escaped with you?

Amin

Achh, yass. Hee hee. Joseph underwent efen more drrastic series of oberashuns zan I. Hee hee hee. She now hass seven chiltren . . .

DD

I notice Your Excellency is carrying a most remarkable

Amin

sceptre. Looks kind of like a gold elephant-gun — does it have any special significance?

Inteed yas. Now, zis won't hurt a BIT! Hold still —

Bang!

(Blackout)

Roger Pudd

General Motors spokesmen today verified reports of defective 1978 Cadillacs. Sixty-three accidents involving the Seville model have been reported, apparently due to the steering wheel dropping off the column when speeds of 60 miles per hour were exceeded. GM termed it an unfortunate miscalculation. Some 50 (fifty) thousand vehicles are being recalled.

And, in Washington State, demonstrators gathered outside the Governor's mansion for a week-long protest. Leslie Sprawl reports from Olympia.

LS

This is one of the largest demonstrations the state of Washington has ever seen, and Governor Ray has called out the Washington State Militia. There has been some trouble, however — one of the Militia's helicopter pilots seems to be having difficulty with his altimeter, and has been buzzing the Governor's quarters for the past hour and a half. Lieutenant Colonel John Huston of the Air Guard estimates that he has five hours' worth of fuel left, and it is hoped the problem will be straightened out by then. In event of an emergency, Huston said, "We have ways to get him down." This is Leslie Sprawl in Olympia.

Roger Pudd

The Senate has finally passed the Panama Canal bill proposed by President Carter. It now goes to the House, where it is expected to meet with overwhelming approval. The bill provides for the refill of the controversial channel, which will take from five to ten years. No provision, however, has been made for the removal of ships currently in the Canal, most of which have been fighting red tape and the Panamanian and American governments for nearly two years. Mike Wallass reports.

MW The atmosphere here is one of extreme tension. Captain Jose Seraglio of the ship *Liberdad* consented to talk with us briefly. Captain, what is the general attitude of the seamen toward this situation?

CJS We have — a not yet begun — a to fight! You ask-a-a, what is our policy? I will say: It is to wage-a war, by sea, land-a and air, with all-a our might and with all-a the strength that God can give us. You ask-a, What-a is our aim? I can answer-a in a one word — Victory! Now get-a your ass off this ship-a, Yank. You got-a three seconds . . .

MW This is Mike Wallass
CJS Two
MW for CBS News, in Panama.
Roger Pudd We'll be right back.

Authoritative figure I'd like to say a few words about two problems plaguing thousands of Americans. Diarrhea and gasid indigestion. Now, we all know that nobody, but nobody, eats right any more. Lots of icky junk food makes up a major part of the American diet. So, when you're on the run, use Pepto Dismal. It's fast-working pluggers and blockers do the job. Pepto Dismal. Use only as recommended.

Beauty salon "Madge!" "Helen! You look lovely! Oh. . . but your hands . . ." "I just can't seem to find time for them." "Well, we'll soon have that fixed. You ought to use Embalmolive Detergent instead of that rough stuff." "Embalmolive? Is it mild?" "Oh, more than just mild. You know, you're soaking in it." "In detergent?!" "Relax!" "Is that why all the dead skin is sloughing off like that?" "Right! Now, quick, into the water . . ." "Gee."

Two expectant mothers Embalmolive. Softens your hands while you do the dishes. "Getting excited?" "Mmm-hm. What kind of diaper are you going

to use?" "Oh, Dampers. No question about that." "What's so special about Dampers?" "You mean you don't know? Dampers has a unique hole cut in the bottom. Look. Here's an ordinary diaper. When the kid takes a leak, he's stuck with it. But with Dampers he stays drier. And happier!" "Dampers, hunh?"

Dampers. Doesn't your baby deserve the best?

Roger Pudd

In London, CIA agent Margaretha Zelle, also known as Mata Hari, has surfaced after being incognito and presumed dead for over 60 years. Ms. Zelle, who is now 101 years old, stated that she had witnessed numerous unethical actions by other CIA agents, and they have been weighing heavily on her conscience. She therefore has written a book, titled *My Secret Life with MacArthur*, in which, she says, much will be revealed. MacArthur's heirs, however, have filed a three-million-dollar suit. The case is scheduled to go on trial in July.

And the Pentagon today announced that the Soviet Skylab equivalent, Solyut IX, is due to fall out of orbit within the next 96 hours. This is official confirmation of reports published by aeronautics experts at NASA. The Kremlin has made no comment on the matter, but, as far as the scientists are able to determine, the satellite will come down within a half-mile of the Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska. President Carter has sent a message to the Kremlin announcing that the Soviets will be expected to foot the bill for retrieval of the satellite's remains. Further developments will be reported on the 10 o'clock news here at CBS. Until then, this is Roger Pudd for CBS News. Good night!

The Great Petrox Raid

By Kevin Baker



Ivan Aldrous was out night-riding on a routine neighborhood beautification project, burning oil-company billboards along U.S. Highway 99.

He pulled up by a target, sloshed the gasoline from his five-gallon can about its legs, and applied a match. Everyone should have a hobby.

He scrambled back to his Peugeot sedan, pausing only, in the lurid glare, to admire his work:

**Petrox Oil Company
Suppliers of Energy
that Fuel America**

Driving home he thought about his upcoming graduation, while keeping an eye out for potential billboard "beauties." Billboard arsonists are rarely in demand, he thought, and, besides, he was meant for finer things — daring deeds that only an ecological artist-cum-arsonist could envision.

Several weeks ago, on a similar night-outing, Ivan had heard on

the car's radio that Petrox Oil was planning a demonstration spill in northern Puget Sound. He had been following the oil issue ever since he came to the Washington coast three winters ago, having studied the effects of polluted waters in the East. He had seen what human error combined with mechanical imperfections as a result of human error can do to places like the Santa Barbara beaches and the British and New England coastlines.

Like our state's illustrious Governor, he knew quite a bit about marine biology. From that point, however, two minds went different ways.

Ivan had participated in a Petrox clean-up near the Canadian border a couple of years back — paid handsomely by the firm for having done so — but had come away sickened by the hypocrisy of pretending to the public that clean-ups could be effective. So while readying himself for some

unknown master ploy, for an appetizer, he was cutting down, burning up, defacing and mutilating billboards.

Ivan was a likeable, lean, 24-year-old, with long and wiry arms, large hands and feet, black hair streaked with the grayness of prematurity, a large mouth and a generous grin. He had a nose like a beak, a big Adams apple and ears like the handles on a jug.

Home after a hard night on the roadway, Ivan slid through the doorway, the meager surroundings festooned by a variety of hanging, flowing, engulfing verdant plants that rivaled any viewing of the outdoors. Reaching into a cluster of spider plants, he flicked on the "tube," this one flanked by an array of Red Nerved Fittonias and a Purple Waffle Plant.

A TV commercial brought Petrox Oil to the picture tube and a spokesman telling motorists to change their driving habits to save energy. Ivan mumbled to



himself: "The next thing you know they'll be advising us to maintain that 'economical, smooth, steady driving technique' by leaving our foot on the gas through stop signs, redlights, and little children in crosswalks — all to save gasoline!"

Out of a man's face as smug as Walter C.'s came: "Well I hope these tips have helped make you more aware that the responsibility for today's energy situation is yours — it's on your consciences — not ours."

Ivan flicked off the face and, brushing by a five-foot hanging Wax plant with crinkled deep green leaves and red stems, headed for his room. The notion of a premeditated oil spill engineered by these bastards and confounded by bogus energy propaganda ladled onto the public mind like gravy on potatoes was grating on Ivan's head. He sat down to write.

First to Petrox, insisting they use the Flag-of-Convenience ships and Liberian crews, which would

typify the effectiveness of oil transport. Then, petitions to the Governor and State reps to spill some innocuous fluid — not oil — with the same physical characteristics as oil, if it had to be, but without the devastating effects on marine life of unrefined and crude oil.

The replies were all alike, and astonishingly prompt: a curt, rubber-stamped, yet official "Thank you for your concern, the matter is being looked into."

Ivan was not impressed or even discouraged. But the frustration was building. Petrox's energy ads continued: notions like the continued use of petrochemical fertilizers to grow food around the world.

"Sure," Ivan thought, "and Petrox is doing its part to conserve energy by killing most of the birds that nest around its oil refineries. Birds eat up a lot of food, and food takes energy to grow and prepare. So the fewer birds there are

the less energy will be wasted."

Later, in a letter to a friend back East, Ivan writes, "Petrox harps on about responsibility and energy conservation and plans oil spills to show how competently they can control a couple hundred gallons of oil. Who's to blame when tankers run aground or sink, spilling hundreds of thousands or gallons of uncontrollable petroleum?"

Have you thought about nukes? Breeder reactors? Strontium, plutonium? About what the big logging companies are doing to our national forests? . . . what the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation are doing to the streams and rivers? . . . the rangers and game managers, to our wildlife? Do you realize what the land developers are doing to what's left of our open spaces? Do you know that Vancouver-Bellingham-Seattle-Portland will soon become one big strip city, like San Diego to Santa Barbara and Miami to Boston?"

Then he put down his pen and thought, "I've seen what reason and goodwill can do for the environment. The answer is a big fat zero, and time is running out, not just for the cities but a lot of other things in this world. Push will get you anywhere except through doors marked 'pull.' It's time to act . . ."

A few nights later Ivan, surrounded by a few close friends, an African Violet, two Baby Rubber plants, an Elephant Foot Palm and a Madagascar Dragon Tree, was watching a wildlife documentary sponsored by Petrox. The ad-man came on and explained "how you can help with the energy situation: Lower that thermostat, turn out those lights . . ."

"That sounds good, and if there are any old folks around the house, just set them outside for the night," Ivan said, mimicking the announcer. "Leaving old folks outside is nothing new, the Eskimos do it all the time and they know all about surviving in cold weather without much heat. It looks like a long, hard winter and the fewer people there are, the less energy we'll need."

"Oh man!" Ivan suddenly jumped up, yelling at the ceiling.

He blew out the door — days of frustration and media bombardment had come to a head, Ivan's head. That night he whipped through an entire neighborhood with his chainsaw singing like a lone ax in the wilderness.

The next day, the local paper spoke first of meaningless vandalism. Earlier, reports of the increasing billboard vandalism had been suppressed on the grounds that publicity would encourage other vandals. The newspaper stories referred to "the irresponsible actions of environmental activists," soon shortened to "eco-raiders."

Ivan liked that — eco-raider — but began to look on the billboard destruction as "kid stuff" and set out to look for some ultimate in eco-raiding. He couldn't get the pending Petrox oil spill out of his

target sights. What to do? The answer appeared before him one night, as he stopped for gas. It was parked and running outside the Old Home Fill'er Up and Keep on Truckin' Cafe just off I-5 north of Fernwood. It was a bright yellow 40-foot and 18-wheeled Kenworth, enroute from New Westminster,



British Columbia to Shreveport, Louisiana — loaded to the brim with 125,000 gallons of Brer's "White Rabbit" Molasses.

Grinning in the dark, "his" tractor/trailer speeding quietly

through the near-empty streets of Fernwood, Ivan sat, muscles tense, his knuckles whitening with the grip of the wheel. The single green eye of the dash-mounted CB glowed in the darkness of the Kenworth's cab, the speaker conveying a steady flow of "racket jawing" about "smokies, dogs and popcorn music."

Westbound and down, loaded up and truckin' . . . for Petrox Point, Ivan passed a police car going in the opposite direction. The officer at the wheel gave him a casual wave; Ivan waved back. Just then the CB went crazy with a red alert for a yellow Kenworth. In the rear-view mirror, he saw the police car make a U-turn and then — sirens. "Hammer down!"

At speeds upward of 90 mph, with 125,000 gallons of pure molasses in tow, Ivan raced toward the Petrox refinery. He saw through the roaring dark the brilliantly-lighted outline of the off-loading 400-foot Petrox *Fairshanks* — then, suddenly, the thunder of the 18-wheeler crashing through the chain link fence surrounding the refinery.

Barrelling down the 100-yard wooden dock like an eco-torpedo packed with the power, weight and momentum of a 125,000 gallon molasses truck, Ivan could hear the howl of sirens, and saw the blue flasher lights on his tail.

The last sounds Ivan heard were the joyful, accelerating heartbeats of the world's first environmental martyr and one long, solid, metallic crash — deeply satisfying, richly prolonged.

The Kenworth jackknifed and rolled once, grinding iron on steel in a shower of sparks; the gas tank ruptured, exploded into saffron and violet flame, a sliding bonfire which illuminated, as it advanced, the lava-like wave of Brer's "White Rabbit" molasses.

The molasses was slow but it was deadly; the effects of the sugary substance was devastating to the Petrox *Fairshanks*.

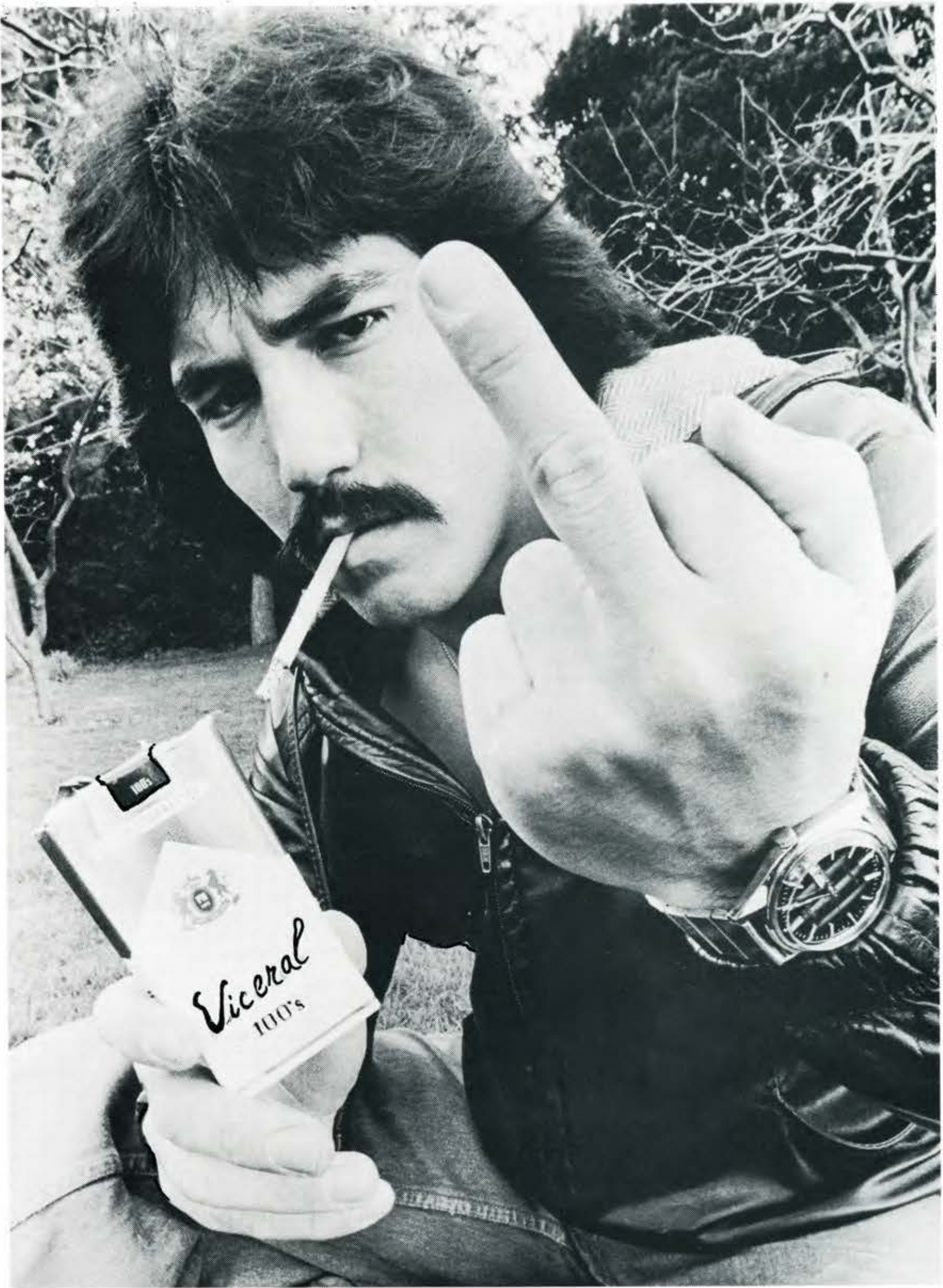
Progress became discernible.

Black Velveeta...



the sensuous cheese

What do you say – To a non-smoker?



WARNING: The Surgeon-General has determined that telling a smoker to stop smoking may be hazardous to your health.